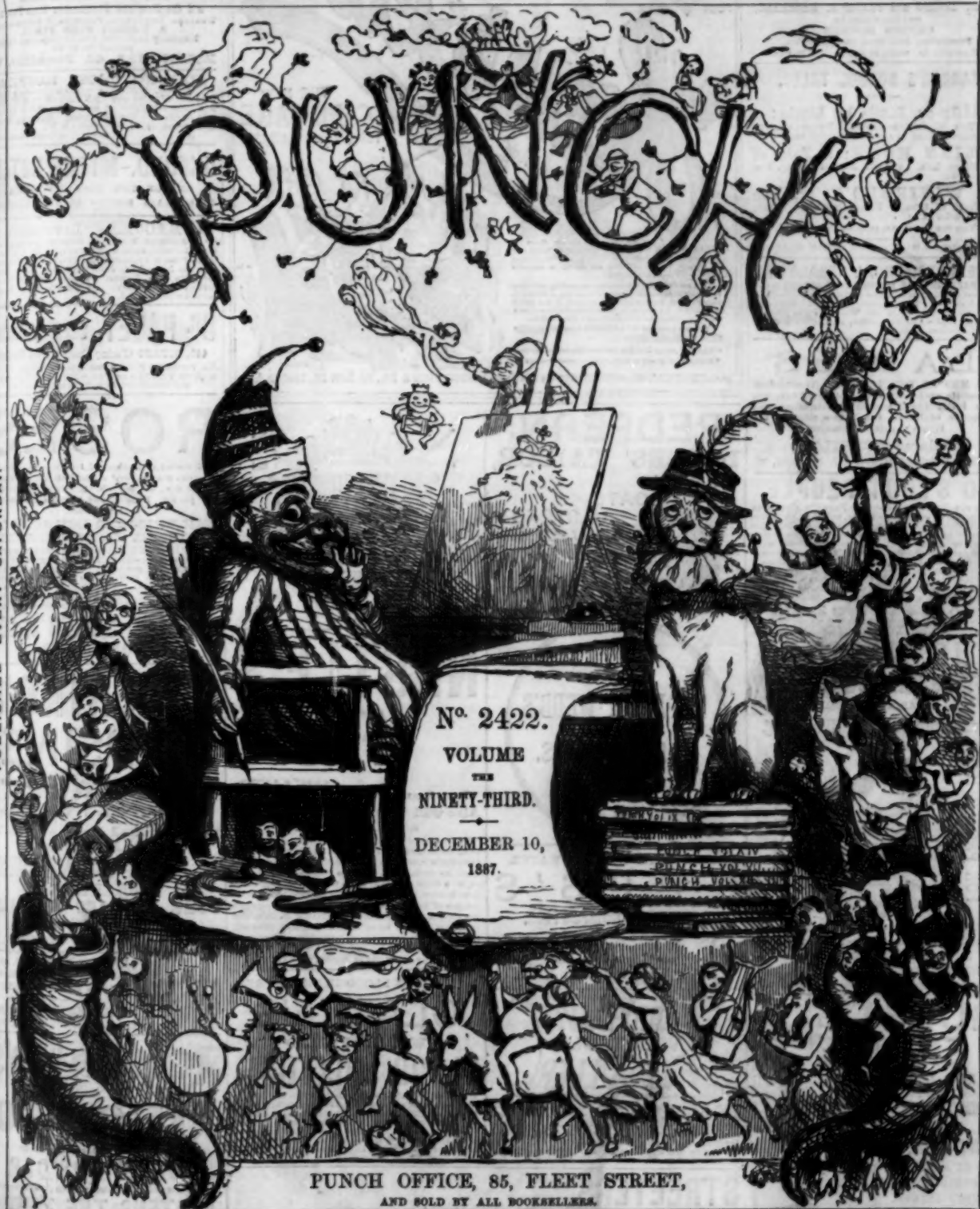


"Punch" Almanac-1888

On Thursday, December 8th. Price 3d.



PRICE THREE PENCE.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Mr. Punch's
Victorian Era.

Vol. I.
312 Cartoons.
13/6

John Leech's
Pictures.

900 Pages.
3 Vols., 10/6 ea.
1 Vol., 28/-

Just Published, Vol. 1, to be completed in Eight
Quarterly Vols., small 4to, cloth, gilt top, price
10s. 6d. each.

**THE HENRY IRVING
SHAKESPEARE.**

Edited by
HERBERT IRVING and FRANK A. MARSHALL,
and illustrated by
GORDON BROWNE.

Prospectus, Post Free, on application.
BLACKIE & SON, 25 and 26, Old Bailey.

FARRAR'S SCHOOL TALES.

ERIC; or, Little by Little: a
Tale of Roshyn School. Twenty-Second
Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, price 3s.

JULIAN HOME: a Tale of
College Life. Twelfth Edition. Fcap. 8vo,
price 3s.

ST. WINIFRED'S; or, The
World of School. Fifteenth Edition. Fcap.
8vo, price 3s. 6d.

THE NEW COMPLETE, IN TWO, price 10s. 6d.

Edinburgh: ADAM and CHARLES BLACK.

**THE MATRIMONIAL HERALD AND
FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE GAZETTE** is the
original and only recognized medium for High-Class
Introductions. The largest and most successful
Matrimonial Agency in the World. Price 3d.; in
envelope, 4d.—Addres Editor, 65, Lamb's Conduit
Street, London, W.C.

LADIES

INCLINED TO THINNESS, with its attendant
discomforts, are invited to send addressed envelope
for a PAMPHLET, containing interesting and
instructive advice on the Development of the
Figure by natural means, to

MADAME STEPHAN,

20, NEW CAVENISH STREET, LONDON, W.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

SUNDAY TIMES says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to
educate, to cure the disease, and that his treat-
ment is the true one, and all doubt. The
medicine he prescribes does not lower, set aside
up and down the system." Book (116 pages) with
recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure
Obesity (average reduction in first week 3 lbs.),
post free 3 stamps.

NOTICE.—In reply to numerous inquiries,
Mr. F. C. RUSSELL, strictly disavows any so-called
Electrostatic Cure for Obesity.

F. C. RUSSELL, Webbs House,

Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1825.

Accumulated Fund, 6½ Millions Stg.

FOR PROTECTION



& INVESTMENT

EDINBURGH, 2 George St. (Head Office)

LONDON, 62 King William Street, E.C.

" 8 Pall Mall East, S.W.

DUBLIN, 65 Upper Sackville Street.

Branches & Agencies in India & the Colonies.

GUEST'S ENAMELS.

All Colours. For Baths, Domestic, and Art De-
corations. Resists oil and boiling water, and dry in 20
minutes. In 1s., 2s., and 4s. Tins. Sold by Iron-
mongers, Grocers and Chemists everywhere. Shade
List and all particulars from London Works use,
25, ST. JOHN STREET, E.C.

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS
AND PERFUMERS, IN
ELEGANT CRYSTAL
TOILET CASKET

PRICE 2/6.

ALSO IN PATENT

METALLIC BOX

PRICE 1/-



2/6 COMPLETE IN BOX.
WITH COPYRIGHT RULES.

Hearts-ette FOR XMAS

POST FREE

THE NEW
CARD GAME
FOR 3, 4 or 5 PLAYERS.

The Cards for the very popular game of
HEARTS-ETTE are of First quality, they flexible and
hand-writing, with Index Plan. The Rules have been compiled
by general experts, and they are put up in a neat
little book, 100 pages, 4s. 6d.

HEARTS-ETTE is interesting and exciting, and while
it is a game of skill, it is also a game of chance. It is a capital
game for 3, 4 or 5 players, and is well adapted for the home
or for an evening's recreation with friends.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in the City of London
are invited to apply to the Publishers, HERBERT FITCH & CO., 30, BURY ST., LONDON, E.C.

REDFERN, LADIES' TAILOR, GOWNS

COATS
ULSTERS

"The most noted firm of Ladies' Tailors
in the World, and, as it said, the most
original."—Vide PRESS.

COWES, LONDON, EDINBURGH, PARIS,
NEW YORK.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S TABLE KNIVES.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

E P P S'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. C O C O A

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER

Get a bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN
KILLER, the Oldest, Best, and most widely-known
Family Medicine in the World. It instantly Relieves
and Cures severe Colds, Rheum, Sprains, Bruises,
Torticollis, Headache, Pains in the side, Joints,
and Limbs, and all Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains.
Any Chemist can supply it at 1/- and 2/- per bottle.

STREETERS' DIAMOND ORNAMENTS,

LONDON MADE, WHITE AND MODERN CUT,

From £5 to £5,000 (pounds).

BOND STREET, No. 18, W.



NESTLE'S FOOD

TRADE MARK.
for INFANTS.
Also well adapted for CHILDREN
and INVALIDS.

The basis of NESTLE'S FOOD is choice milk
from Swiss cows, concentrated in vacuo at a low
temperature, so as to preserve its original valuable
qualities unchanged. To this concentrated milk is
added a little sugar and some wheat flour, the wheat
flour having been previously submitted to a special
process of baking, whereby the insoluble portions
are excluded. The product obtained in this way
acts as a solvent upon the casein, and prevents the
milk from curdling in large lumps, rendering the
whole compound, which is of the highest nutri-
tive value, as digestible as mother's milk.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities,
from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy,
bores of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects
are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials from all
parts. In bottles 2s. 6d. each, and in cases of six
times the quantity, 12s. each, of all Chemists. Sent
for 2s. or 12s. stamps, by THE LINCOLN and MURRAY
COUNTY'S DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS, ARMS, CREST AND ADDRESS DE

ENGRAVED AS GEMS,
from Original and Artistic Designs
NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES,
Stamped in Color Relief and Illuminated by hand
Gold, silver, bronze, and colors.

All the New and Fashionable Note Papers,
HERALD, MONOGRAM, PAPER, & ILLUMINATION
A VINTAGE CARD PLATE,
Elegantly Engraved, and 100 Superior Cards
printed for 4s. 6d.

RODRIGUES, 42, Piccadilly, W.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL

Strand, W.C.—The Council earnestly appeal
for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.
A deficit estimated at more than £2000, having
met before the 31st December. Bankers, Messrs.
Drummond, 49, Charing Cross, S.W.

ARTHUR E. HARRIS, Secretary.

OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL

ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL
FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM

ILFRACOMBE, Devonshire, &c.

a desirable WINTER RESORT, occupies the
place for mild, equable, and dry climate. (See Bar-
ometrical and Meteorological Record.) Mean Tempera-
ture for Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb., 44°; Mean Rain-
fall, 8.0; Lowest recorded Temperature, 20°
ditto, 30° (once only). At Nice, South of France,
for same period, 55°.

DR. PAGET, Surgeon Dentist

445, STRAND (Facing Charing Cross Station).

DR. PAGET'S Painless method of FIXING TEETH
without PLATES or PALATES, &c., explained in
the Illustrated Pamphlet, sent post free.

ROSES

Well rooted, many colored, truly named, of mature
vigorous growth, and of the best kinds. Roses
8s. per doz., 60s. per 100. Standards, 15s. per doz.,
100s. per 100. Packings and Carriage Free for cash
with Order.

THESE WORLD-FAMED ROSES CANNOT FAIL

TO GIVE THE GREATEST SATISFACTION.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST of above and following de-
scribed on application.—Fruit Trees, Evergreens, Flower-
ing Shrubs (8s. per doz.), Clematis (12s. to 14s. per
doz.), Roses in Pots (15s. to 30s. per doz.), Holly-
cross and Alpine Plants (a good selection, 4s. per
doz., 2/6 per 100). Vines (3s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.), Mosses and
Greenhouse Plants, Forest Trees, Seeds, &c., &c.

RICHARD SMITH & CO.,

WORCESTER.

SCHERING'S PEPSINE ESSENCE.

"The best of all digestive agents."

British Medical Journal.

THE NATURAL TONIC AND NATURE'S

RESTORER OF VIGOROUS DIGESTION.

SCHERING'S

PURE EXTRACT OF MALT

1s. per Bottle.

Of all Chemists and Druggists.

LUGGAGE, PASSENGER, &c.

For HOTELS, MANIONS, &c.

DINER and INVALID LIFT

LIFTS

CLARK, BURNETT, & CO., Ltd.

RATHBONE PLACE, W.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

is a pure, fragrant, and non-gritty

TOOTH POWDER.

It prevents and arrests decay, strengthens the gums,

WHITENS THE TEETH,

and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. It is

most agreeable to the palate and pleasant to use

and is especially adapted for

CHILDREN'S TEETH.

Ask anywhere for ROWLAND'S ODONTO, or

26, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, and avoid

spurious imitations.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM THE ROCHDALE RASPER (LATE THE BIRMINGHAM PET).

One Ash, Rochdale, Saturday.



EAR TOBY,

THE address from which I write to you is familiar in the public ear in connection with a long series which, such is the ignorance of mankind, I have heard described as petulant, querulous, self-adoratory notes. I have often wondered that it has not occurred to any one to notice the singular appropriateness of the name of my humble home. It is not for me, at my time of life, to claim anything like prescience of affairs. I may have been right in my views of the succeeding events of the past half-century. or I may have been wrong. I will

just mention that my friend, T-X-N-S-X, who has a pretty faculty for poetry, once summed me up in a couplet which I venture to think is not without its charm. "J-H-N BR-GHT," he wrote—

J-H-N BR-GHT
Is always right.

He told me in confidence that he had at one time contemplated a eulogistic poem of some seventy or eighty lines, price to the *Nineteenth Century* a guinea each. But, having thrown off this couplet, it appeared in itself so sufficient, so comprehensive yet so precise, that amplification would have rather reduced than increased its value. Therefore it remains a brilliant fragment.

But I am wandering from the theme, which, in the present instance, is not myself but my country address. What I thought might be interesting to point out is the curious felicity of the nomenclature, and the remarkable foresight of which it is proof. More than a generation ago it received this singular appellation. At that time nothing seemed more remote from ordinary apprehension than that in this year I should be what we call "a Unionist," an ally and supporter of Lord S-L-B-R-Y, pulling in the same boat as the H-M-L-T-N-S, and marching shoulder to shoulder with ASHM-D B-N-T-L-T-T. In those days I was wont to pour forth torrents of angry contempt upon the Conservative party. D-S-N-L-I was my wash-pot, over the Markiss I cast out my shoe; but even then my address was One Ash, Rochdale. Do you begin to see what I mean? One Empire, One Parliament, One Ash! Some of my old colleagues and disciples among the Radicals scoff at me because of my new companions. But, as usual, I have been right from the first. I have always been what the *Marchioness* called a "wonner." What has happened is that the Liberal Party and my old companions have moved away from me, whilst the Conservatives have moved towards me. I am the same to-day as yesterday, or as these fifty years past. "J-H-N BR-GHT, always right," and any change of relationship or appearance is due to the ineradicable error and fatal foolishness of others.

What I feel, dear TOBY, in reviewing a long and honourable life, is the terrible feeling of monotony. I sometimes find myself envying ordinary men like GL-DST-N-X, who, looking back over their past life, can put their hand down and say, "There I blundered, there I was misled by circumstances." For a long time GL-DST-N-X kept pretty straight—that is to say I agreed with him. But he has gone wrong lamentably on this Irish Question, and all the righteous acts of his life—that is to say, steps in which he has chance to walk in time with me—are obliterated. It is true that, at one time, it was I who was the foremost Apostle of Irish National feeling. At this date people with inconvenient memories

are constantly raking up passages in my speeches about Ireland, and the English yoke which, except that they are too finely cut, and of too noble a style of eloquence, would exactly suit GL-DST-N-X to-day. I said these things then, it is true, and then they were right. I do not say them to-day, and therefore they are wrong. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* (You will observe that since, with a distinguished friend, I have joined the political company of gentlemen, I have forsaken my old habit of keeping to the Saxon tongue, and sometimes, as here, I drop into Latin. Occasionally I fall into French. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*)

My nearest approach to human frailty, is, perhaps, to be found in a certain measure of absence of suavity. It is perhaps possible that my temper was,—I will not say soured, but—not sweetened by the vile attacks made upon me personally by Irish Members in Parliament during the last ten years. You remember what B-M-X-K said about me? I don't mean Big Ben, or Little Ben, but Lord GEORGE B-M-X-K. "If BR-GHT," he said, "had not been a Quaker, he would have been a prize-fighter." I think there is about the remark some suspicion of lack of respect. But, also, it is not without some foundation of truth. I admit an impulse to strike back when I am hit; sometimes when I am not. Through two Parliaments the ragged regiment that live upon the contributions of their poor relations in domestic service in the United States have girded at me in the House of Commons. This was my reward for the rhetorical services I did for Ireland a quarter of a century ago. They pummelled me, kicked me, dragged my honoured name in the dust, and spat upon me in the market-place. That gross ingratitude I could never forgive, and if in reprisal, the cause I once advocated suffers, can I be held blameable?

But this seems to be running into the groove of apology, and I never apologised to anyone for anything in my life. For fear I should begin now, I will close this letter, remaining, Your friend, J-H-N BR-GHT.

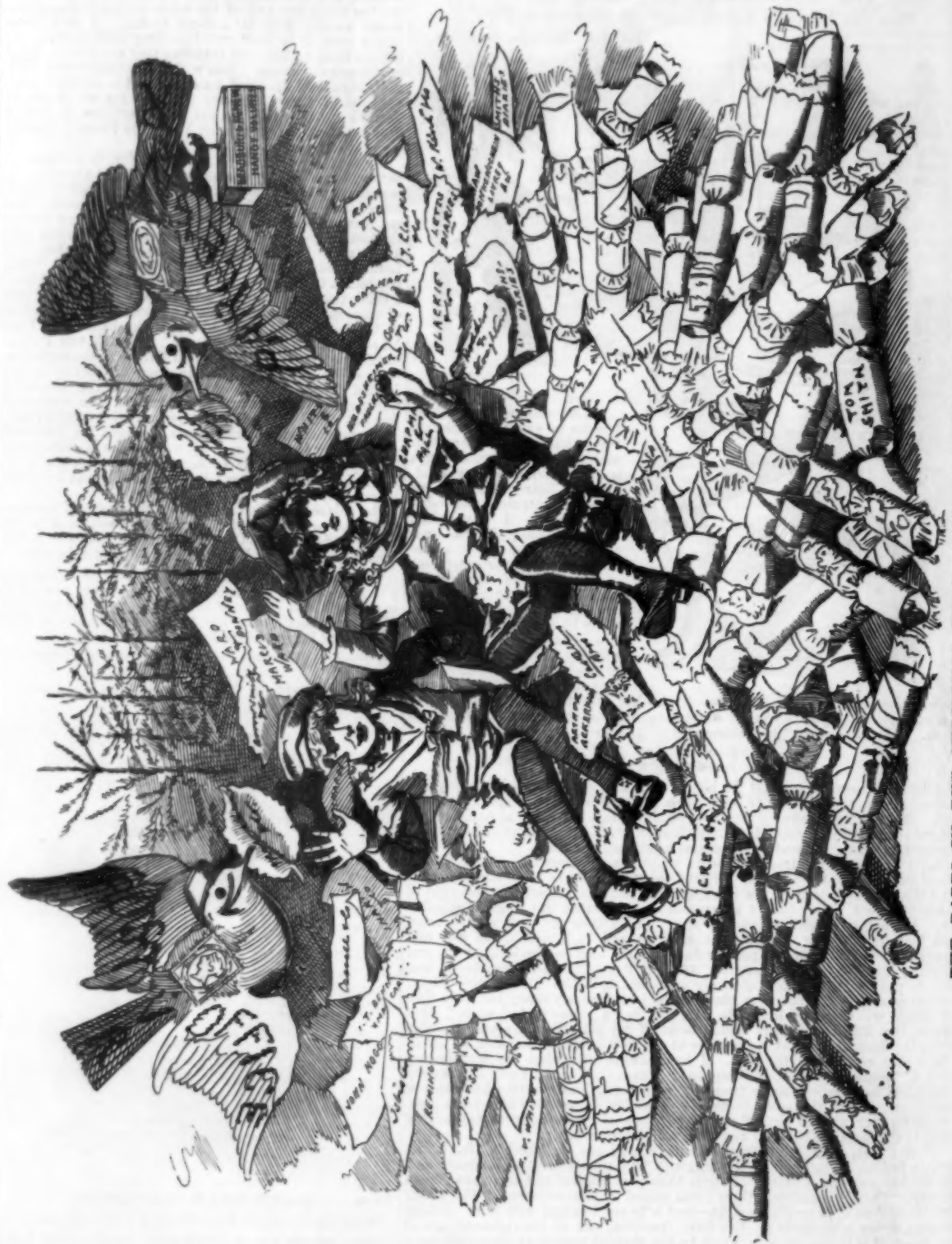
P.S.—I observe that in my haste I have not called you a fool, or directly stigmatised as such anyone alluded to in this letter. I am afraid this will be regarded as a sign of growing weakness. But I will bring up the average in the next letter I write for publication.



DARWINIAN ANCESTOR

Composing the Song, "For O it is such a Horrible Tail!"

"Our ancestor was an animal which breathed water, had a swim-bladder, a great swimming tail, and an imperfect skull."—*Darwin to Lyell.*



THE BABES IN THE CHRISTMAS WOOD. "The Cry is still they come!"

THE BABES IN THE CHRISTMAS WOOD.

THE PUBLISHERS' CANTATA.

Various well-known Publishing Firms in the guise of Forest-trees discovered shedding their leaves.

GENERAL CHORUS.

SEE Christmas is upon us and the world around us living,
Seeks us and asks the pretty gifts it soon would fain be giving.

The stories thrilling, tender, sweet, to suit all tastes and ages,

All gleaming with their covers gay and picture-covered pages;

The dainty illustrated leaf, the paper softly tinted,
In type, to suit young eyes and old, all exquisitely printed:

Of artist's pencil, author's pen, the choicest, fairest flower,
Behold as the glad season comes we thus upon you shower.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SONS.

Christmas leaves? Would you pick up the handsomest
First look at these scattered by BLACKIE & SONS. [ones,
Here tales of home life and adventure in plenty,
Have good names to vouch for them. Take G. A. HENTY,

In "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and "Orange and Green,"
He lays first in Scotland, then Ireland his scene,

And thrills you with reading the hairbreadth escapes,
Of the heroes he rescues from numberless scrapes.

But while in "For the Temple," he ventures to tell
How in ages long past great Jerusalem fell;

Yet if less ancient horrors are more to your mind,
In the reign of the "Terror" material you'll find;

And if you would learn how pluck never goes wrong,
You've but to go straightway to "Sturdy and Strong."

Next ELIZABETH LYSAGHT in "Aunt Hesba's Charge,"
On the virtues of old Maiden Aunts doth enlarge,

And relates in "Our General" by a small head,
How a family through all its trials may be led.

Then J. PERCY GROVES in "The War of the Axe,"
Tells a stirring Cape story of Caffre attacks,

And "The Seven Wise Scholars" supply ASCOTT R. HOPE,
For knocking off seven good tales, ample scope,

He in "Old Renown" stories, too, brilliantly writes
Of the deeds done of old by brave heroes and knights;

While E. BROOKES harking back with his "Chivalric
Days,"

Of the boys and the girls of old times sings the praise.
"Girl Neighbours," allows SARAH TYTLER to say,

On the whole she prefers the girl of the day;
In "Miss Willowbrown's Offer," how traitors may fail,

SARAH DOWDNEY describes in a well-written tale.
With "The Bubbling Teapot," to a little girl changed,

Mrs. CHAMPNEY has well into Wonderland ranged.
Out of "Willie," who here "Gutta Percha" is named,

GEORGE MACDONALD, an excellent story has framed,
And has shown how he finds life's troubles prove plastic,

Possessing a brain which his friends deem elastic.
In "The Princess" and "Goblin" he tries a new scheme,

And sweeps you along with his mystical theme;
But when she meets "Curdie" he now and then treads

On ground that is over his young readers' heads.
If a truant's adventures, fair reading you find,

The good ship "Atalanta," you'd bear in your mind,
And you'll follow "aboard" it, the hero whose fate

HENRY FRITH's thrilling pages know how to relate.
Next in "Chirp and Chatter" from field and from tree,

Young children taught lessons by L. BANKS you'll see.
"Queen Maid," with her "orders" by LOUISA CROW,

Shows pride in a haughty young maiden brought low:
While in the "Squire's Grandson," J. CALLWELL proves

A small boy can make up a family row. (how
The stories of WABA and MENZIKOFF tell

Two historical tales, and do it right well.
In his "Dick o' the Fens," one Fen,—MANVILLE FENN,—

Gives some capital studies of Lincolnshire men;
But in "Sir Walter's Ward," the age of Crusades,

Mr. WILLIAM EVERARD brightly invades.
The "Girlhood" of "Margery Merton" relates,

The struggle that oft a young artist awaits,
And how in the end her brave efforts prevail,

ALICE CONKERN unfolds in her well-written tale.
And if "Clogs," well selected for children to wear,

You're in need, AMY WALTON will find you "a pair."
If the "Secret" of "Rovers" is more to your taste,

HARRY COLLINGWOOD follow,—your time you'll not waste.



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

She. "AND DO YOU STILL SQUEEZE UP THE LADIES' FEET IN YOUR COUNTRY?"

He. "ON THE CONTRARY, MADAM! THAT IS A CHINESE CUSTOM. WE IN JAPAN ALWAYS ALLOW THE LADIES' FEET TO GROW TO QUITE THEIR FULL SIZE. NOT THAT ANY WOULD EVER RIVAL YOURS, MADAM!"

[Is delighted with his neat little Compliment!]

In field, forest, or stream, would you "Insect Ways" learn,
For their "Summer Day's" life to J. HUMPHREYS turn.
But to close:—GORDON BROWNE, whose famed pencil so skilled,
Of the foregoing pages so many has filled,
Crowns the whole by contributing last, but not least,
His new "Hop o' my Thumb" and "The Beauty and Beast."

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

Are you seeking for young children picture-books to please the eye?
Then your need GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and his Sons will readily supply.
Here's "Little Wide-Awake," designed to suit the earliest age,
Bound brightly, with a picture too on nearly every page;
And then there's "Sunny Childhood," with its colouring so gay,
Where Mrs. SALE BARKER has such pleasant things to say;
And in "Our Friends" and in "Our Home" she takes them by the hand,
And talks to little readers in the words they understand.
"Our Darlings," too, by MARS, show how our little darlings fare
Who by their MARS (and Pa's as well) are taken everywhere.
If "Fairy Tales" you're seeking, LABOULAYE's collected lore,
With new ones, and unheard before, will furnish up your store.
And if young heroes of all climes should come within your scope,
You'll turn to "Youngsters' Yarns," and will have faith in ASCOTT HOPE.
Then "Herbert Massey's" doings in "Eastern Africa" you'll find,
Told by Commander CAMERON, quite of a thrilling kind.
"The Children of the New Forest," that MARRYAT wrote of yore,
PAUL HARDY and JOHN GILBERT join to illustrate once more.
"Round Nature's Dial," by H. M. BURNSIDE, tells full and clear
The shifting story of the times and seasons of the year.
The "Annual" for "Every Boy" affords all boys a treat,
Which, thanks to EDMUND ROUTLEDGE, may be held as quite complete.
Here "Caldecott's last 'Graphic' Pictures" come in handy guise,
While by her "Book" consulting, the "Young Lady" may grow wise.
How good we'd be if all, before they do, to think would tarry
On what Miss EDGEWORTH taught to "Lucy," "Rosamond," and "Harry."

"Natural History," illustrated "for Young People," must do good, As a text-book for young children, ably done by F. G. WOOD. The "Fanny Foxes and their Feats" and doings "at the Fair," With some of ERNEST GRISSET's happiest efforts may compare. "The 'Shall Note' of the Bible" and "Loving Links" combine, [divine] In page illuminated, human verse and text "Play and Earnest" tells of children who their playing much enjoy, [little boy]. In a story quaint and charming of a plucky Then "Sunbeam Stories," "Storm" and "Sunshine," told in prose and rhyme, And "Stories" for a "Holiday," as also "Pete's Pastime." These, with "Sindbad's" famed Adventures, new to many we suppose, With KATE GREENAWAY's bright Almanack our list must fitly close.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Surely "Little Miss Peggy" will work you the spell [deftly and well, Mrs. Moleworth's charmed pen weaves so For this quaint little lady, with ways sweet and bright, [light]. Her small nursery readers can't fail to de- In "An Unknown Country" pen and pencil bequile [lele]. Him who tempts it to visit his own Sister The text he'll find art a true handmaid to wait on In the exquisite work of F. NOEL PATON.

Christmas Cards.

Of Christmas Cards a splendid show This year! Wherever you may go You see them. When you're told, you know They're Christmas Cards. In such a game of Cards the thing Before the eyes of all to bring Is Christmas, but they're Summer, Spring, Most Christmas Cards.

TAKING high rank among the Christmas Cards, The artistic reproductions, MARCUS WARD's, Of two of RAPHAEL's best-known Madonnas Must, at this season, carry off the honours. Both from one Pitti Palace—need we name them?—

'Twould be a thousand pities not to frame (AIR—"King of the Cannibal Islands.") Here's an "Opal Souvenir," Lovely *mem* of present year, And it comes from, as we hear, HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER. Among the Cards the best designs Are those by WERDOW, WILSON, HINES, BOTHAMS, DEALY also shines, KILBURN, DRUMMOND, on like lines, WILLIAMSON, MAGUIRE too, SIGMUND, artistic orow, All at work their best to do For HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER.

(AIR—"Rare Ben.")

RAPHAEL TUCK!

Here's luck!

Rejoice! no dumps!

Why, all your Cards are trumps!

And all applied

To merry Christmas-tide!

In these un-Christmas days,

Punch says 'tis greatly to thy praise.

So, RAPHAEL TUCK,

My buck,

Here's luck!

To Mr. Punch.

"Such books, cards, and crackers," cries Poet, perplexed, [next.]

"As remain on the list, I will give 'in our

OUR DEBATING CLUB.

An apology—Eloquent Peroration by our Vice-President—NAYLOR offers some critical remarks, and KIRKSTONE relates a humorous anecdote.

I AM in a position this week to redeem my promise, and raise the hitherto impenetrable veil that has long shrouded the proceedings of the Gargoyle Club from the Public Eye. In the exercise of the discretion with which I have been entrusted, I have somewhat departed from the form of report originally contemplated, and selected only the more striking and characteristic deliverances of my fellow Gargoyles, interspersed with such short notes and descriptions as may best serve to bring out their several mannerisms and idiosyncrasies. Should I offend by this I shall deeply regret it, but I find that there are traditions and customs in the management of a facetious periodical which, however exacting and absurd in themselves, must be respected by those who would furnish it with literary matter.

Having thus apologised in advance to any honourable Gargoyle who may consider himself misrepresented or insufficiently reported, let me present, as the first instalment of these papers, some extracts from notes taken at a most instructive debate last session upon the motion (brought forward by PLUMLEY DUFF; opposed by GASPARD HARTUFF), that:

"In the opinion of this House, Science has been productive of more real benefit to the Human Race than Art."

Somehow, although I know that DUFF's speech was compounded of plain common sense interspersed with abundant facts (all DUFF's speeches are like that), I did not begin to take notes that evening until HARTUFF had reached his peroration, which was in this form:—

"Sir," said HARTUFF (with an inflection of unspeakable pathos in his voice, which ought to make PINCHNEY shed tears—but does not), "before I sit down—before, Sir, I resume my seat"—(this solemnly, as if he has a deep presentiment that he may never resume another seat)—"let me ask the Honourable Member who is responsible for the Motion on the paper this evening—let me put to him this single inquiry, this solitary question—and I shall await his answer with considerable curiosity." . . . (Here HARTUFF gazes with an air of challenge at DUFF, who, however, is drawing EUCLID's first proposition upon his blotting-pad, an occupation which seems to absorb the whole of his faculties for the moment.) "Is he here to-night to deny the existence of any good that is not visible, that is not tangible, that cannot be measured with a tape, or weighed in scales? Sir, that is the philosophy of the volatile sparrow, of the soulless hog, that skims the vault of the azure empyrean, and wallows content in the mire of his native sky—I should say" (with an air of careless concession to prosaic accuracy), "style! That bird, Sir, that pig, like the Honourable Proposer himself"—(a titter here from the more frivolous: DUFF rubs his nose, and evidently wonders whether HARTUFF has been saying anything worth noticing)—"would find the universe none the poorer had PRAXITELES carved nothing more immortal than an occasional cold fowl; had HOMER swept his lyre, not in commemoration of the fall of an ancient Troy, but to celebrate the rise of a new soap (HARTUFF rather prides himself on his talent for antithesis); and had TITIAN lavished all his wealth of glowing colour and gorgeous hues upon the unretentive surface of some suburban pavement! But, Sir, I hope that we, by our vote to-night, will afford no encouragement to the gross and contemptible materialism which is the curse of the present day, and of which, I am compelled to add," (here he glances reproachfully at the unconscious DUFF, who is sharpening a pencil), "we have been afforded so melancholy an example this evening. Let us proclaim to the world without that we, as Gentlemen and as Gargoyles, repudiate, that we loathe, that we abhor, that we abominate," (HARTUFF seems to be screening all these verbs out of himself, and throwing them defiantly at DUFF.) "the grovelling tendency of our animal nature to ignore the joys of the soul and the pleasures of the intellect, and place its highest enjoyment in the ignoble pursuit of creature comforts!"

(Here HARTUFF sits down amidst applause, and applies himself diligently to his whiskey-and-water.

At a later period in the evening, just as the debate was beginning to languish, NAYLOR started to his feet with a long strip of paper which, being short-sighted, he held close to his nose. NAYLOR invariably takes elaborate notes, with the intention of pointing out and refuting the errors of all previous speakers. Unfortunately, as he cannot always read the notes, and seldom remembers the objections he meant to urge, his criticisms are not as effective as could be desired. On this occasion, NAYLOR said:—"I'm not going to make a speech, Sir, I only want to point out one or two things which struck me as requiring to be met. I'll take them in their order." (Here he fumbles with his strip of paper, which will get upside down when he wished to refer to it.) "Oh, here it is! There was a Gargoyle who said—I believe it was the Proposer of this motion—didn't you?" (To DUFF, who shakes his head in solemn disclaimer). "Well, it was somebody, anyway, but he told us that—" (Here NAYLOR again refers to his notes). "I'm afraid I can't exactly make out what he did say—but I don't agree with him. Then there was another speaker who said, (I took it down at the time) that he'd rather have a good traction-engine than the finest poem ever written! Well, my reply to that is—" (here NAYLOR has another wrestle with his notes and comes up triumphant) "that's his opinion. I wouldn't. Next, someone asked, 'What practical use was SHAKESPEARE to any man?' (A pause.) 'I've got an answer to that on my notes, somewhere, only I can't find it. But, anyhow,' (cheerfully) 'I know it was rather sticking up for SHAKESPEARE, to a certain extent. Then, didn't someone else say, 'Music elevated the mind?' (A Member acknowledges the responsibility of this bold sentiment.) 'Well, I don't say it doesn't—only, how? you know, that's the point!' (A long pause, during which NAYLOR and his notes appears to be getting inextricably involved). "There was a lot of other things I meant to say, but I'm afraid I don't quite remember them at this moment."

With this, NAYLOR sat down suddenly, apparently very little depressed by the total absence of applause—he knew that a fearless critic is never popular.

After that we had a little speech from dear old KIRKSTONE, who rose to tell us an anecdote, which the subject had suggested to him. Appropriate anecdotes are always occurring to KIRKSTONE, and he applies them in the neatest and happiest manner, being gifted with the keenest sense of humour of any one in our Society. In fact, the very keenness of KIRKSTONE's appreciation operates almost as a disadvantage, as will be seen from the following extract, taken on the spot.

Kirkstone (rising, and playing with his watch-chain). "Sir, whilst listening to the speeches

of Honourable Members this evening, I could not help being reminded of a story I heard the other day." (Here a slight spasm passes over his ample cheeks, and we all settle down in delighted anticipation). "There was an old farmer—one of the regular old-fashioned sort." (Faint preliminary chuckle down in KIRKSTONE's throat.) "Well, he had a daughter, who—(chick!—played on the—tehee!—the piano, and one day he was induced to go in for a"—(convulsion, followed by sounds like the extraction of a very refractory cork)—"for a Steam-plough! Soon afterwards he happened to meet a friend—another farmer, or the parson, I forget which, and it don't signify. Well, and the friend asked 'how he got on with his Steam-plough.' And the old farmer says—'hork-hork!'—he says, 'Don't talk to me 'bout no Steam-plough—hi-hee-hee!'—when there's my darter at home, and she—crick, crick, criggle!" (KIRKSTONE proceeds gallantly, but is unintelligible until the close)—"with her darned planner—haw-haw-haw!" Well, the House can apply the moral of that themselves—I thought it was rather to the point myself. That's all I got up to say."

I am afraid KIRKSTONE thinks we are all of us rather dull.

A DRAMATIC ORATORIO.

MR. FREDERIC H. COWEN's dramatic Oratorio, *Ruth*, was produced last Thursday at St. James's Hall, and the verdict on the entire work from "bar one" to bar last was emphatically favourable.



The Composer has nothing to regret on this score. The workmanship throughout is thoroughly good, and in some instances admirable, though the First Part is not distinguished by any very striking originality.

In the Second Part, which begins appropriately with Harvest or "Half-eat time," Mr. BOAZ LLOYD gave a very trying scene magnificently. But why does he pronounce "excellent" as "excellent?" Perhaps he has ascertained on undeniable authority that this is the way Boaz would have pronounced it. *A propos*

of this eminent tenor, on one occasion, not this, there was very nearly being a duel about his identity. An Irish gentleman, turning to his friend, informed him, "That's SIMS REEVES," whereupon his better informed companion returned, "He! LLOYD!" which, but for a timely explanation, begorra, would have led to a challenge!

To resume. The "Dance of Reapers and Gleaners" must have sounded rather out of place in Worcester Cathedral, where *Ruth* was first produced. In the Chorus of the Reapers and Gleaners, who were not in the least out of breath with their dance—but perhaps these had only been delighted spectators—full justice was done to the finest number in the Oratorio—at least, so it appeared to the humble individual who had the honour of representing you on this occasion. Then in the duet,

LLOYD and ALBANI
As Boaz and Ruth,

Were perfect, no blarney,
I'm telling the truth.

The applause was enthusiastic; indeed, not only in this instance, but throughout the performance, these two sang magnificently. Boaz must have been a very kind man; at all events, as Boaz and Ruth are invariably heard of together, it is clear that he could never be accused of being Ruthless.

Now, just one question: the Book of Words with musical phrases, is sold in the room, and on the title-page we read that "the words are selected,"—most judiciously too—by Mr. JOSEPH BENNETT, and "the Book of Words" is fitted "with analytical notes by JOSEPH BENNETT,"—though we should have thought that Mr. COWEN's notes were sufficient by themselves. Then we find the analytical Notes saying at the end of Part I., "The assertion may safely be made, that no poetical situation in dramatic Oratorio, has been treated more successfully than the foregoing." Now, suppose this were a book of a new Opera, would it be right and proper for the librettist who had adapted the subject from SHAKESPEARE, for example, to give his opinion on the work of his collaborator? Wouldn't this be taking an unfair advantage of his position? It doesn't matter in this case, as I perfectly agree with him, but it is the principle, whatever it may be, for which I contend, and sign myself,

Your Musical Representative, PETER PIPE.

UNCLE REMUS ON C. S. P.-EN-LL.—"Brer Fox he lay low."

SHOWS VIEWS.

AMONGST entertainments of a pleasing character the performances of "Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED" hold their own gallantly. At

the present moment a little play called *Tally Ho* is occupying the boards, much to the delight of those serious pleasure-seekers who consider a box at a theatre wicked, but find no particular harm in the stalls of St. George's Hall. Mr. ALFRED REED and Miss FANNY HOLLAND are as amusing as ever, and the music is all that could be desired. The dialogue of the piece, or entertainment, or whatever it is, is not too new. I fancy the author must have seen *London Assurance*, and listened to *Lady Gay Spanker's* description of the fox chase. And having seen the piece and heard the speech, possibly read the burlesque thereon by the late GILBERT ABBOTT & BECKETT, in the *Scenes from Rejected Comedies*, published as long ago as the forties. "How time flies!" as a lady behind me observed, after expressing her opinion that Mr. CORNEY GRAIN was better than his pupil—JOHN PARRY! "I remember him as far back as a quarter of a century," continued the fair dame, "and didn't you hear him say he was over fifty years old when he sang that song calling himself an old fogey?" Mr. GRAIN fails to do himself justice when he assumes an elderly air inconsistent with the number of his summers. Such an assumption can but cause pain—to his contemporaries!

On Thursday last *The Woman Hater* was produced for the first time in London at Mr. TERRY's Theatre (on the grounds that familiarity breeds contempt, I prefer to allow the actor to retain his titular prefix), with more or less success. On the whole I condole with our country cousins if they have been allowed to see this strange play very frequently. Personally I would not care to form a part of any audience at Mr. TERRY's Theatre during its run, which I am bound to add I am afraid will not be a long one. The construction of the three-act farce (as it is called) is feeble in the extreme, and suggests that the author, from a literary point of view, has a great deal to learn. I do not think (unless his future pieces are very unlike *The Woman Hater*) that he will have much chance of gaining a permanent position in the Temple of Fame. This is merely a matter of opinion, but, speaking for myself, had I a theatre (which I should call of course Mr. Thingumbob's Theatre, or the Theatre Royal Dash Blank, Esq.) I believe I should somehow or other instinctively avoid the works of Mr. DAVID LLOYD for some time to come. That is to say if he confined his pen to farce and comedy. It is quite possible he may be much more at home in tragedy. As a fact, there is a sort of gloomy glamour about *The Woman Hater* that suggests the reflection that, after all, the play might have been more exciting if a murder had been skilfully introduced into Act I., and it had been written throughout in blank verse. I think the lover, Tom Ripley, might thus have been murdered with or without (for preference, with) his sweetheart. Early in Act II. the character very nicely played by Mr. KEMBLE, might have committed suicide, with one or two others; for choice, others. Act III. might have been allowed (after the necessary alterations had been made to fit it to the requirements of the novel development of the original plot) to stand as it is. In its present form the incidents connected with the spiriting away (after a desperate and revolting fight with the keepers) of the hero to a Lunatic Asylum, are, to say the least, unpleasant. Mr. BISHOP, as the psychological specialist (the resident medical superintendent of the licensed house), was excellent. It is a question, however, whether those well-intentioned representatives of the LORD CHANCELLOR, the Commissioners in Lunacy, would have been entirely satisfied with his action in connection with the incarceration of one sane patient in the place of another patient equally free from mental disease. But that is a matter affecting the author rather than the player. Miss M. A. VICTOR, as a widow lady of great wealth and superior position, was, of course, quite in her element, and gave an admirable sketch of a British matron from Belgrave or Mayfair. Mr. TERRY, too, deserves a word of praise for his own droll performances, which caused more than once, on the first night, a burst of hearty laughter. Pleasantly apart, in spite of the acting, good all round, I fear *The Woman Hater* will soon have to return to the provinces, to make room for something just a little better suited to the London requirements of Mr. TERRY and the audiences of Mr. TERRY's Theatre.



NEW BOOK.—*The Green Ways of England*. By a Warwickshire Man.



SO VERY LIKELY.

Small Rustic (to Brown, whose Champion North-Caspian Bear-hound has just gobbled up one of Farmer Rackstraw's Prize Rabbits, which had got out of the hutch). "IF YER 'LL GI' ME TUFFENCE, ZUR, I 'LL SWEAR IT WOS THE RABBIT AS BEGUN IT!"

ON THE WRONG SCENT.

Master of Hounds, loquitur:—

"*Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouths like bells.*"

Each under each." So SHAKESPEARE'S *Theseus* The merits of his tuneful Spartan pack. Would I could echo it concerning mine! Tut, tut! They're off again on their own line. Come back, ye fools, come back!

I envy *Theseus*! Just the sort of hounds For a true Tory huntsman; kept in bounds By discipline none ventures to defy. With such a pack I should be well content; But some of mine are keen on a false scent, And off on a wild cry.

Oh, these young dogs! They think disorder's dash;

Heedless of horn, rebellious to the lash; Just now, too, when our quarry is so clear! Oh, hang the howling, yelping, whimpering On a fine herring-trail the fools have got. [lot! They'll spoil the chase, I fear.

Come back! Come back! What, "VINCENT," "BARTLETT," ho!

This sort of thing won't pay at all, you know. We are not, now, after that sort of game. Ah, sweet *Sir Roger*, our *Spectator's* friend, What would you say to this? Come, let it For shame, ye curs, for shame! [end.]

ADDISON'S "good old Knight" was happier In his well-ordered pack the casual jar [far. Of a raw dog or "noted Liar" met No recognition; no, "he might have yelped His heart out," but the row had nothing helped

The hounds astray to set.

Here be "notorious Liars" in full force (The epithet is technical, of course).

"TORREINGTON," back! Back, "STANLEY"!"

"ECHROD," back!

Heed "the old hounds of reputation" here. This shindy must be stopped, or 'twill, I fear, Demoralise the pack!

THE OLDEST SKETCHING CLUB IN THE WORLD.

At the house of NAT LANGHAM young men were taught how to use their hands skilfully years ago; at the home of the LANGHAM their hands are trained with equal care and discretion, with a different end in view. At the former they were excited, at the latter they are soothed. The spirits of the last are finer, if less ardent, than those of the first. Friday cannot be unlucky, for all their sketches are produced on that proverbially unfortunate day. A subject is given, and in two hours, over pipes and coffee, it is completed. Marvellous these rapid acts of sketchmanship! The Impressionists nowhere! The result? Well, go to the Gallery, 23, Baker Street. Look at the collection of pictures—on the two hours' system—by Messrs. STACEY MARKS, CALDERON, FRED WALKER, HODGSON, CATTERMOLLE, B. W. LEADER, CHARLES KEENE, E. HAYES, H. MOORE, VICAT COLE, FRANK DICKER, E. DUNCAN, C. J. LEWIS, F. WEEKES, CARL HAAG, and other clever gentlemen, and see if *Mr. Punch* is not right in his commendation. The Langham Sketching Club has existed over half a century, and this is its first public exhibition. Ah! well, it is never too late to mend.

The Winter's Tale at the Lyceum.

THERE'S a charm in her innocent glances, A charm in her step when she dances,

For *Perdita*, "nary

A one," like our MARY,

The sweetest of Sweet Willum's fancies.

To those who may not have heard it, a Chance most distinct will be *Perdita*.

So, see now, we say,

MARY ANDERSON play, [it, Ah!

You'll regret, when too late you've deferred

The Latest and Best from Berlin.

THE Crown Prince was reported last week to be decidedly better. May it be so, and so go on. "His Imperial Highness," wrote the Correspondent of the *Standard*, "continues to express the fullest confidence in Sir MORELL MACKENZIE." And *Mr. Punch*, in the name of all Englishmen who are uninfluenced by any feeling akin to professional jealousy, "says ditto," to the Crown Prince. *Prosit!*

Mrs. R. is astonished that the English do not name streets and places after the names of their great Poets and their works. She says she only remembers two exceptions; one was a *Hamlet* in the Country, and the other was *Wandsworth*; the latter being so called after the Poet who wrote *The Excursion*,—probably, she thinks, a cheap excursion to this very spot, which is within a cab-fare of town.

THE Third Edition of Mr. FRITH'S Recollections is now out. We hear it is dedicated to Archdeacon SUMNER, and that the motto selected is the nautical quotation, "Port it is!"



ON THE WRONG SCENT.

LORD SALISBURY, M.P.H. "CONFOUND THOSE YOUNG HOUNDS!—THEY'RE TAKING A LINE OF THEIR OWN!!"



OF THE HUNTER SCHOOL

THE HUNTER SCHOOL, NEW YORK, 1877



PIG-HEADED ATTACK ON THE IMMORTAL BARD.

A DISPUTED WILL.

DEAR SIR,—MR. DONNELLY's cryptogram, showing BACON to be the author of all SHAKESPEARE's plays, is a wonderful discovery. The principle only needs to be applied with sufficient ingenuity and perseverance, to revolutionise the whole field of literary history. I myself have only had time to apply it in a few instances, but have already got the really valuable result that NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA wrote most of the works of MILTON. DAY and MARTIN LUTHER wrote *Sandford and Merton*, and SIR WALTER SCOTT wrote the ballad with the refrain "Two Lovely Black Eyes." CHARLES THACKERAY's works were entirely written by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE DICKENS. Hence the cryptogrammatic name. I am working as hard at the theory as the somewhat unelastic rules of this establishment will permit, and this morning I caught a cryptogram crawling up the window-pane. Ah! excuse my glove, I must dissemble.

Colney-Hatchwell. Yours, THE "B" IN BOTH.

SIR,—You are performing a truly noble and philanthropic work in throwing open your columns to a subject which must inevitably seem "caviare to the general" (BACON). To myself, personally, the raising of the controversy at the present time is annoying, because I happen to have hit independently on exactly the same idea as Mr. DONNELLY's; viz., that there is an underground narrative running through SHAKESPEARE. DARWIN and WALLACE, you may remember, discovered the origin of species simultaneously, so why not I and DONNELLY the origin of SHAKESPEARE? But my cryptogram leads to an entirely different result from Mr. DONNELLY's, who has, I am certain, being led off on a false scent. Instead of multiplying every 270th word, as he does, by the number of full-stops in the page, and then dividing the result by the number of years during which ANNE HATHAWAY is supposed to have resided at Stratford-on-Avon, he should first have discovered the total quantity of words in all SHAKESPEARE's plays and sonnets, and after that the quantity in the *Novum Organum*; then reducing the probable salary which BACON received as Lord Chancellor, each year, down to farthings, he should have divided (not multiplied) them all into each other, and brought them to decimals, and then applied that result to the plays. The process is a little complicated, but I can't make it clearer at present. Anyhow, the entrancing interest of the story so obtained can be judged from the headings of the chapters.

"Lord BACON arrives at Stratford disguised as a bargee. His midnight visit to SHAKESPEARE's house. The poaching plot hatched. In the churchyard. The Ghost among the tombs. The Ghost discovered to be Queen ELIZABETH, who had followed BACON to Stratford disguised as a Tilbury fish-wife. The Queen buried alive in Stratford churchyard by BACON and SHAKESPEARE. The good Vicar

bribed. Their scheme to dress up ANNE HATHAWAY as Queen. Its success. ANNE HATHAWAY reigns twenty years, everybody taking her for ELIZABETH. SHAKESPEARE (stricken with remorse) appears suddenly at the bedside of BACON. Threatens to disclose all. BACON murders SHAKESPEARE. Takes all SHAKESPEARE's Plays (hitherto unacted, having been rejected by the Managers of the period as 'wholly devoid of dramatic power') out of his pocket, and produces them next day as his own. Success of this plot also. How BACON repents at last. Invents the Cryptogram. Inserts it in the Plays on his deathbed."

You will see from this abstract that there are elements of far greater interest in my theory than in Mr. DONNELLY's, and my publishers sincerely trust that you will insert this letter, as a gratuitous advertisement may help the sale of my forthcoming work, entitled, *Who Killed Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth?*

Your obedient servant,

ARTFUL PLODDER.

SIR,—Surely it is impossible to doubt any longer that BACON wrote *Hamlet*. Why, in that play you find him actually confessing his cowardice in not claiming the authorship of his own plays! What else can these words mean?

"What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all."

Then occurs this truly remarkable sentence:—

"God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another."

Given whom? Why, BACON himself! Did he not make his face into another's, namely, SHAKESPEARE's? The case is as clear as noonday. Let the insular cavillers at DONNELLY, just because he is an American, hide their diminished heads.

ANTI-HUMBUS.

DEAR SIR,—Would one of your readers kindly inform me how FRIAR BACON could have written SHAKESPEARE? I see by *Little Arthur's History of England* that the former lived three hundred years before SHAKESPEARE was born. This seems to be a conclusive proof that Mr. DONNELLY is wrong; but though I am very fond of history, I do not profess to be a great historical critic.

TILLY SLOWBOY.

SIR,—In looking over *Macbeth*, I have found a really remarkable confirmation of Mr. DONNELLY's cryptographic story. The story relates how, when CECIL told Queen ELIZABETH that SHAKESPEARE's plays were treasonable, she "rises up, beats HATWARD with her crutch, and nearly kills him." In Act III, Scene 4, of *Macbeth*, occurs this line,—

"It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood"—

i.e., Queen ELIZABETH, being a person of good blood, or high lineage, will have blood, i.e., from the head of the person she beats with the crutch.

A few lines further on is a striking confirmation of this.

Macbeth says,—

"How say'st thou, that MACDUFF denies his person

At our great bidding?"

Macduff here is cryptographic for SHAKESPEARE. When summoned by the Queen to answer CECIL's charge, SHAKESPEARE did deny his person at her bidding. Mr. DONNELLY's is a great discovery. The world does advance, in spite of Lord SALISBURY.

Yours, RADICAL.

DEAR SIR,—How long will the British public allow an impudent Yankee to lead it astray? Mr. DONNELLY has evidently never read my historical novel, *A Tale of the Invincible Armada*, which somehow failed to meet with the enthusiasm it deserved, or he would know that CECIL valued SHAKESPEARE most highly. In my book he never addresses the Bard without saying, "Marry, Gossip," or "I faith, good coz." I am sure your readers will be glad of this information; also to hear that I am bringing out a cheap popular edition of the same book, price only three-and-sixpence. Order at once, Yours, M. AINCHANCE.

SIR,—Perhaps, after all, the best solution of the SHAKESPEARE-BACON puzzle is one analogous to that suggested by a learned Don in the HOMER controversy—viz., that the person who wrote the plays was not SHAKESPEARE, but another man of the same name.

Yours, COMMONSENICUS ACADEMICUS.

LORD SALISBURY'S SHAKESPEARE.

"The policy of worry 'shan't be strained;
They'll drop it in my gentle reign next Session."



"AN OPPORTUNIST."

He. "OH, EMIL—MISS CRUMPOHER—CAN—HAVE YOU EVER LOVED?"
She. "N—NOT THIS SEASON!"

A WOULD-BE "LITERARY GENT."—The following is from the *Daily Telegraph* :—
LITERARY.—A gentleman who erst wrote for recreation, is driven, through cruel misfortune, to resume his pen for a livelihood. Fugitive lines, reviews of English, French, and Italian literature, topics of the day.

What a condescension! How good of him! He "first wrote for recreation"—whose?—his own probably, and that of his friends who were as easily amused as were those of Mr. PETER MAGNUS, who signed himself P.M., or afternoon, for the entertainment of his correspondents,—and now he is "driven through cruel misfortune to resume his pen." Very cruel! Perhaps already his friends are beginning to suffer from this spiteful freak of Fortune. But as he can knock off with ease a variety of literary work, he is rather to be envied than pitied; and already he may be on the high road to literary fame which he will despise, and solid wealth which he will appreciate.

THE NEW SIXPENCE.—On the face is to be the QUEEN's effigy with inscription, and on the reverse its value inscribed, surrounded by an olive-branch and an oak-branch. More appropriate for the face would have been the QUEEN's effigy surrounded by olive-branches.

M. PASTEUR is the man for the successful treatment of hydrophobia. Does the Australasian Government appeal to him for assistance because it finds itself in a rabbit state?

O'BRIEN'S BREECHES.

(Humbly imitated from Henry Luttrell's
"Burnham Beeches.")

A BARD, dear Muse, who pluck would sing,
Your friendly aid beseeches.
Help me to touch the lyric string
On—brave O'BRIEN's breeches!

What though the splendour of my lines
To SWINBURNE's height ne'er reaches?
The theme, if not the thrummer, shines;
That theme's—O'BRIEN's breeches!

They wouldn't let O'BRIEN talk,
Or make "seditious" speeches.
They quodded him, his plans to baulk,
And—tried to bag his breeches!

But brave O'BRIEN's blood did burn
(Say, who his pluck impeaches?)
He up and swore in accents stern,
"I won't—wear convict breeches!"

Those gaolers deep about him hung,
They stuck to him like leeches.
But he, the eloquent of tongue,
Stuck to—O'BRIEN's breeches!

If "sermons be in stones," I'll bet
A prison patience teaches.
The prisoner to bed must get;
They watched—and boned his breeches!

The captive of the cold complains,
His breechless bones it reaches.
But yield? No, rather he remains
In bed—without his breeches!

In vain the prison-clothes they show;
Badge of dishonour each is.
Patriots prefer to lie below
Bed-clothes—without their breeches!

But friends unto the dungeon hie,
No gaoler marks (or peaches),
They hand O'BRIEN, on the sly,
Another pair of breeches!

Black BALFOUR's myrmidons are fooled!
A lesson high this teaches:
A plucky people is not ruled
By—stealing patriot's breeches!

BRIAN BORU they sang of yore,
But when her goal she reaches,
Erin will sing, from shore to shore,
O'BRIEN—and his breeches!

Her bards will praise the patriot true,
His long and fiery speeches,
His bearding BALFOUR's brutal crew;
But, above all,—his breeches!

Oh, ne'er may the potheen pass round
But—Erin so beseeches—
The Isle may with one theme resound,—
O'BRIEN—and his breeches!

Hold! Though I'd fain be jingling on,
One rhyme, experience teaches,
You can't ring on for aye! I've done.
Farewell, O'BRIEN's breeches!

The Shakespearian Question.

An Actor's opinion on the Bacon v. Shakespeare controversy, expressed in a strictly professional cryptographic style.
"SHAKESPEARE written by a chap called BACON, my boy? Very likely; I always found 'lots of fat' in it."

Another (at Brighton, by an Ancient Mariner who sticks to the "Old Ship").
"BACON wrote SHAKESPEARE? Well, perhaps he did. He was a clever chap, was dear old ARTHUR BACON, but still, somehow, I don't think he wrote SHAKESPEARE. At least not all of it."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 54.



THE PARLIAMENTARY CATTLE-SHOW.

ON THEATRICAL PICTURE-POSTERS.

SIR,—I used to be a very regular attendant at the Theatres. I am not so now, and I find that by staying away, I have time at my disposal, which I never had before, for reading, study, and social intercourse. I save my money and preserve my health. And for this I have most sincerely to thank the Managers of our London Theatres, who, within the last few years, have adopted a style of pictorial advertisement, which, though possibly attractive to simple-minded folk, or restless youth, exercises a singularly deterrent effect on the middle-aged playgoer, and on all imaginative and timid persons, especially of the feminine gender.

For example, speaking as a mediævalist, or one of the middle-ages, if I see a huge coloured picture on a hoarding representing several sensational situations which form a frame for the culminating horror of the play in the centre, as an old stager I know that play from beginning to end, and take in the whole plot at a glance. I can imagine the dialogue without doing much injury to the author, and, as I have seen the principal actors and actresses, I can, in my own mind, furnish the piece with a cast probably far superior to that at the particular theatre where the melodrama, thus pictorially advertised, is being performed. The scenery and costumes I have before me on the hoarding. This applies to several theatres. As to timid ladies they shrink from seeing the realisation of the terrible situations depicted on the picture-poster. They have seen quite enough: they will wait until something less startling shall be substituted for this display of crime, cruelty, and violence.

It is really very kind of the Managers to provide for outsiders in this way, but the outsiders remain outsiders, and have no desire to

enter these chambers of Dramatic Horrors. As a supporter of shows and exhibitions, with considerable experience, I know well enough that the representation outside the booth is very much superior to the reality within; for example, the outside picture of a Fat Woman exaggerates the corpulence of the Lady on view inside the caravan; the Mermaid is most attractive in the picture, probably floating about playing a harp, while the reality is a dummy figure composed of a monkey's and cat's skin sewn together and stuffed. I hope the Managers will develop their pictorial advertisements still further; I speak selfishly, as if everyone takes my view, where will the audiences be?

The only advertisements that ever attract me, and cause me to say, "Ah! I should like to see *that*!" are those which, on closer inspection, I find to be only the artistic trade-marks of some new soap, beetle-powder, peculiar whiskey, sewing machines, or soothing syrup. Pray, Sir, do all you can to encourage Theatrical Art in Mural Decorations, and save the time and money of,

Yours,

PATER FAMILIAS.

P.S.—I shall take my boys in holiday time the round of the hoardings, and tell them all about the plays. Cheap entertainment, eh?

MR. BLUNDELL MAPLE, M. P. elect for Dalwich—not by any means a dullidge sort of constituency in the opinion of the Conservative Candidate's Agent—is to be congratulated on attaining his majority. When he has prepared his maiden speech for the House, he may hum to himself:—

"Now I'm furnished, Now I'm furnished for my flight!"

THE FUTURE POSITION OF THE ARMY.

A Sketch founded on the Suggestions of "The Greatest Briton."

PART I.—Before the G. B. took the matter in hand.

"I AM heartily glad you have come," said the Commander-in-Chief (patented), throwing down the *Fortnightly*, "because this



"En Retraite."

article upon the present condition of the Army, by the Author of *Greater Britain*, has put me out completely."

"I glanced at it, but could not get through it," replied the Field Marshal. "What does he say?"

"Well, so far as I can make out, that in the time of war all the Militia will be drafted into the Army, and all the Coast Guards into the Navy, and both will disappear together with the Army and the Navy in the first battle."

"Anything else?"

"Well," continued GEORGE RANGER, re-opening the Magazine, "he seems to think that we have got enough men, if we can't get more, but that we must defend India with the aid of compulsory service, although, for various 'religious and commercial reasons, almost peculiar to England, the non-adoption of Conscription is certain."

"From this I take it the article is slightly mixed?"

"It is—and I am bothered entirely!" replied the poor Duke, who had a habit, when worried, of returning to the brogue he used as Prince GEORGE in Ireland, in his youth. "What will I do? Look there now, we have cut down everything to starvation proportions, to please Lord GRANDOLPH, to say nothing of upsetting the entire machinery of the War Office, to save the salary of the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. Sure, what more will I do?"

"Read this," replied the Field Marshal, giving to H. R. H. a packet. "If War is declared, open it, and act upon the orders contained in it."

And, with this, *Punch*, the greatest modern strategist, bowed, and retired.

PART II.—After the G. B. took the matter in hand.

Two months later Europe, shaken by the mightiest conflict of this century, was beginning to regain her composure. It would be unwise (for it might offend foreign susceptibilities) to give the names of the victories that had added fresh lustre to the British arms. Suffice it to say that not a single reverse had been recorded. Once more the Field Marshal entered the room of the Commander-in-Chief (patented).

"Well, GEORGE, how goes it?" asked the foremost soldier of the age. The Commander-in-Chief (patented) fell upon his knees and kissed the spurs of his master's boots.

"Nay, this show of gratitude is pleasing, but embarrassing. Remember, GEORGE, you are of Royal Blood," and the Field-Marshal gently and kindly assisted the Patented One to rise.

"I cannot help it," returned GEORGE, with a burst of almost painful emotion. "You have done so much for us."

"Not at all," observed *Punch* with a smile, "that packet certainly contained a few suggestions of some value."

"Why, they saved the country! How should we have horsed the Cavalry and Artillery, if we had not entered on peace contracts with the Directors of Pickford's, the London General Omnibus Company, the Road Cars, the Tramways, and the Herne Bay Bathing Machine Owners. The last were not easily persuaded to act with us, as somehow the requisition of their quadrupeds seemed to interfere with the success of the Thanet Harriers."

"But they gave in at last?"

"Certainly, patriotism was the rule without exception. Then the compulsory service of their employees in the Volunteers, insisted upon by all the West End Tradesmen and employers of labour throughout the land, had the best effects. Why some of the finest troops in the world came from SCHOOLBRED'S, WHITELET'S, the Army and Navy Stores, and SMITH AND SONS."

"And the Inns of Court, the Universities, and the Medical Colleges also insisted upon continued efficient service in the Volunteer ranks to secure the advantage of audience in the Courts and Registration as Doctors, didn't they?"

"Certainly! Oh, it was grand! Then we got as much Cavalry as we required from the farmers, and the Yeomanry, and purchased the entire stock of guns from the Continent.—Just as you told me to do."

"Quite right," said *Punch*, "after all, guns and ammunition are only a question of figures. I suppose the British Army in India was recalled home and distributed amongst the Colonies, as I suggested, and the Native Troops that were not quite trustworthy treated in the same manner?"

"Assuredly, yes, and they have given an admirable account of themselves in Australia and Canada." Then GEORGE hesitated. "But you would not tell me how you supplied their places in India. You merely asked for transport for your Army of Reserves."

"Quite so," said *Punch*, with a smile. "But, now that peace is decided upon, and all but declared, I need keep silence no longer. The fact is, I fought the Russians with an Army of Germans and Italians, under the command of my friend Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS."

"Germans and Italians! Where did you get them from?"

"From places where they were ruining our working-poor and doing themselves no permanent good. I shipped them from Hatton Garden and Whitechapel. My country saved, the welfare of the world in general demands my restored attention. It shall have it."

And full of this truly benevolent intention, Mr. *Punch* returned to Fleet Street.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FROM *The Personal Remembrances of Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK* (MACMILLAN & Co.) I had, I confess, expected a great deal more

than I found in the two volumes. And I hold that I had a right to expect something more than usually interesting from the Remembrances of the Queen's Remembrancer. What Sir FREDERICK remembers as Remembrancer to the QUEEN is very little, though quite sufficient for the office; but his own recollections as his own Remembrancer are very pleasant reading, being full of information given in an unpretentious conversational style, about Cambridge University life, the Bench and the Bar, and Literary Society generally. There is a good deal of eating and drinking recorded—not too much, perhaps, for the necessities of social life; and the "C. C. S., or Cambridge Conversazione Society seems to have been very regular in its intellectual gatherings at various places where good food is provided. This Club, limited to twelve members, was called somewhat profanely "The Twelve Apostles," though of what they were Apostles I cannot make out. They have evidently an Apostolic Succession, as the Club is still in existence, I believe. Altogether, among this sudden glut in the market of literary confidences in the shape of diuol, journalistic, artistic, and egotistic recollections, this may be taken up as a chatty and readable book.

Woman's World for December, edited by our OSCAR WILDE, is full of woman's wit, and some of the illustrations, especially in the department of The Fashions, are charming. What a change from the old style of painted doll inanities, dressed up in a style never seen in real life! The picture of the three pretty women preparing for a ball is a candle to attract male moths—"male moths" being obviously the opposite to "ma'am-moths," as that undefeated punster SAMUEL JOHNSON would have said under certain circumstances. Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAND's account of Royat is very amusing; but, though I have been several times up to La Charrade, yet never have I had the good fortune to come across Madame GRENOX, who, if her portrait, as given in this number, is a genuine likeness, ought to be one of the attractions of the environs of Royat. Good, honest, kindly faces I saw at Charrade, but why this uncommonly pretty one hid herself, as she must have done whenever she saw this distinguished water-drinker coming to Charrade is a charade to me. The general remarks on the Stage by the lamented Authoress of *John Halifax*, whose recent loss we all deplore, are very interesting, as recording the impressions of a good, pure-minded woman, whose acquaintance with the *vie intime* of the Theatre was limited. The portraits of Miss ANDERSON are not particularly flattering—rather shady, which is the one thing that no one shall ever unchallenged say of our sweet and gentle *Perdita* in the hearing of your rather deaf

POLIKENES, BARON DE BOOK WOMEN.



Odd Volumes.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

"Rich in Phosphorus"—Baker's London.
MAX GREGER'S CARLOWITZ.
 2, Old Bond Street, London, W.


GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.
 The delicious product of the famous Kent Morella, supplied to Her Majesty at all the Royal Palaces.
GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.
 Excellent with water, hot or cold. Beware of unwholesome imitations. Ask persistently for
GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.
 Best for it at all Bars and Refreshment Rooms.
 Manufacturers, T. GRANT & SONS, Manchester.

OLD VINTAGE PORTS.
 GUARANTEED.
 Croft's 1870..... per doz. 60s.
 Croft's or Sanderson's 1867..... 77s.
 FIRM Sanderson's or Marlines 1869..... 77s.
 CRUSTY Croft's 1863..... 87s.
 Sanderson's 1863..... 87s.
 Croft's 1863..... 87s.
 Old Highland Blend Scotch Whisky... 63s.
 Packages include: Cash Terms. CARRIAGE PAID to any Station in England. Full Price Lists on application to J. JOHNSON & SONS, Wash-on-Deane, Yorks. Est. & 1798.

SILVER MEDAL, HEALTH EXHIBITION.
HEERING'S ONLY GENUINE COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.
 Est. 1818. Paris, 1875. 1889.
 PETER F. HEERING, Proprietor by Appointment.
 Suits to the Royal Danish and Imperial Russian Courts, and H.H.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

DECORATE YOUR HOMES!
 The beauty of Stained Glass in every house can be enjoyed by using McCaw, Stevenson & Co's Patent.

GLACIER WINDOW DECORATION.
 It can be applied to any window by any person without previous experience in the use of the article. Invaluable where there are windows with disfigureable outlooks.
 Write for Illustrated Pamphlet (two illustrations) and sample, post free. One Shilling, from the Manufacturers, McCaw, Stevenson & Co., Lichfield Works, Solihull; or to PERRY & CO. Wholesale Agents, Holborn Viaduct, London.


COLT'S DOUBLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER.
 supplied to H.M. War Department.
COLT'S SINGLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER, as adopted by the United States Government.
COLT'S "FRONTIER" PISTOL takes the Colt and Winchester Magazine Rifle Cartridge, 44 cal.
COLT'S HOUSE REVOLVER, POCKET REVOLVER, and DERINGER, for the Vest pocket; best quality for the world.
COLT'S DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOT GUNS and LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES, for India and the colonies.
 Price List free.
COLT'S FIREARMS Co., 14, Pall Mall, London, S.W.
 Agents for Ireland—John Ross & Co., Gunmakers, Dublin.
 R. Hume & Sons, 100, Moles St., Birmingham, Agents for Birmingham and the Provinces.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP.
 Cures Skin Diseases.
 Protects from Small Pox, Fevers, and Measles.


ST. JAMES' RUM.
 Increases Vital Action.
 Aids Digestion.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE.
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.
 FOR CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Loss of Appetite, Gastric and Intestinal troubles, Headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 69, Queen Street, City, London.
 SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. A BOX.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.
JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

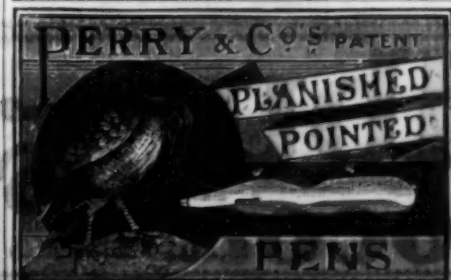
BECKETT'S WINTERINE
 (REGISTERED).
 The Drink of the Season. The best Non-Alcoholic substitute for Brandy. A splendid stomachic and stimulant. An excellent preventive against colds.
 Imp. Pints, 1s. 6d.; Half-Pints, 10s. Two Pints, 2s. 6d. A Sample Bottle, 6d. Post Free.
 The following are also capital WINTER DRINKS: Beckett's Gingerwine Cordial, Beckett's Clove, Peppermint, Lime Fruit, Raspberry, Black Currant, and other Cordials and Fruit Syrups.
 Send for Sample Bottle, 6d. Post Free.
 Sole Manufacturer, W. BECKETT, Raywood, MANCHESTER. Sold by Chemists, Confectioners, and Coffee Tavern Companies. London Wholesale and Export Agents, Black & Sons, 50, Farringdon Street, E.C.; and most Patent Medicine houses.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.
 In consequence of imitations of LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea & Perrins beg to draw attention to the fact that each bottle of the Original and Genuine WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE bears their signature, thus—

 * * * Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester, Chocsea & Blackwell, London; and Export Oilmen generally.
 Retail by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.

THE BENEDICTINE LIQUID ELIXIR DENTIFRICE TOOTH POWDER AND TOOTH PASTE.
 Prices from 1s. 6d. to 5s. From all Perfumers or Chemists; wholesale only, 51, Fench St., London, W.

Foreign Medicines
 Toilet Articles & Robert's & Co. Chemists, 5, Rue de la Paix, Paris
 Keep at their London house
 16, New Bond St. W.
 all French & Foreign Medicines &c

S. & H. HARRIS'S HARNESS COMPOSITION (WATERPROOF). EBONITE BLACKING (WATERPROOF). For Boots, Shoes, Harness, and all Black Leather Articles.
SADDLE PASTE (WATERPROOF). POLISHING PASTE. For Cleaning Harness and Gills.
 Sold by all Saddlers, Grocers, and Ironmongers. Manufacture: 57, MANSELL STREET, LONDON, E.

PERRY & CO'S PATENT PLANISHED POINTED PENS.


SYMINGTON'S PEAS FLOUR.
 World Renowned GOLD MEDAL.
 FOR SOUPS, &c. EASILY DIGESTED. Sold in Packets and Tins by all Grocers.
 Export Agent: J. T. Morton, London.

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL.
 INIMITABLE, ORNAMENTAL, USEFUL.
 Colours & designs. Surface like Porcelain.
 For Indoor and Outdoor Work, for Renovating Everything. Sold everywhere. Tins, Post Free, 1s. 6d. and 2s. ASPINALL'S ENAMEL WORKS, London.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
 For ACIDITY or the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.
 120, BOND STREET, and all Chemists.

PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC.
 HEALTH, STRENGTH, ENERGY.
 Gives great Bodily, Nerve, Mental, and Digestive Strength. BOTTLES 2s. 6d. and 5s. and every where. Insist on having FARRER'S Tonic.

TOBACCONISTS' TRADE.
 HOW TO OPEN REMUNERATIVELY from any amount, however small, see Illustrated Catalogue, 2 stamps. LEO H. FREEDLANDER, 8, Houndsditch, London. Established 60 years.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S Oriental Tooth Paste.
 Of all Perfumers and Chemists, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Post Free.
 40 years in use in the Highest Circles.
JEWSBURY & BROWN.

WATERPROOF K BOOTS.
 FOR SHOOTING AND HEAVY WEAR.
 27s. Every Pair Guaranteed.

ALSO FOR EVERY-DAY WEAR
"CITY K" BOOTS,
 Sold with Asbestos Waterproof Leather.

SUPPLIED BY THE FOLLOWING:—
 Baker & May, M. A. Crooks, High Street, Solihull—Geo. Meade, Cutler Shop, Cornmarket, Warwick—John Wood—A. Winder, 1, High Street, Beverley—John Procter, Tull Gate, Birmingham—John Bird, 9, Digbeth.
 Brighton—Dutton & Thompson, Castle Square, Cardiff—W. C. Pearce, Redwells House, Queen St. Carlisle—W. H. Todd, Town Hall Buildings.
 Chester—John Jervis, 4, Cathedral Street.
 Cork—Geo. Southwick, 41, South Mall.
 Darlington—H. Watson, 3, Fribourg Row.
 Dublin—Arthur Webb, 10, Upper Rockville Street.
 Exeter—Foster & Son, 128, High Street.
 Falmouth—Clements & Son, Redwells Street.
 Glasgow—John R. Brown, Church Street.
 Glasgow—Peter Dickson, 51, Randolph Street.
 Huddersfield—Thomas Walker, 12, King Street.
 Lancaster—John R. Brown, Church Street.
 Loughborough—Joseph T. Poulton, 112, Parade.
 Liverpool—T. S. Fleming, 8, Bennett Street.
 London—Marshall & Willats, 476 & 478, Oxford St.
 —N. Therry, 10, Regent Street, W.
 Loughborough—Old Moss, Loughborough.
 Loughborough—J. Chapman, 9, Market Place.
 Macclesfield—J. Swindell, 81, Mill Street.
 Malvern—Benjamin Jones, Bellvue Terrace.
 Manchester—H. Phillips & Son, 78, Deansgate.
 Morpeth—H. & J. Smith, 10, Bridge Street.
 Newcastle—T. S. Hill, 5, High Street.
 Newark—John Fostell & Son, 11, Bridge Street.
 Newcastle-on-Tyne—A. Atkinson, 21, Blackett St.
 Newcastle-on-Tyne—J. Leach, 5, Fenshall Street.
 Newport (Mon.)—J. A. Davies, 30, High Street.
 Nottingham—T. W. Robinson, 3, Long Row.
 Oldham—Hall Bros., 26, Rump, and 41, King St.
 Oxford—Lillington & Co., Corn Market.
 Rugby—Gilbert & Son, Football Manufacturers.
 Sheffield—Greaves & Son, 107, West Street.
 Southsea—Baker & Son, Palmerston Road.
 Spalding—J. S. Robinson.
 Stockton-on-Tees—C. Palmer, 105, High Street.
 Tuxford—W. Oak, High St., and Public Hall.
 West Hartlepool—J. Bradley, 10, Church Street.
 Wigan—W. Williams, William Lightfoot.
 Wolverhampton—W. York, Queen St., & King St.
 AND BY RESPECTABLE BOOTMAKERS THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE.

LARITZ'S CELEBRATED COUT RHEUMATIC PINE WOOL FLANNELS UNDERCLOTHING. OFFAL DESCRIPTIONS and REMEDIAL PREPARATIONS.

LARITZ'S PINE-WOOL OIL, WADDING, SOAPS, BATH EXTRACTS, &c.
 Sold by all Grocers, Dispensers, Chemists, &c. Chief Depot (Wholesale) Wigan, Manchester & Co., 15, Chancery, E.C. CAUTION.—None genuine except with Trade-Mark Pine Tree and Signature.
 Legion of Honour, 1878. Royal Portuguese Knight, 1883. Gold Medal and other distinctions.
JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' PIANOS
 From 25 Guineas upwards.
 18, 20, and 22, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.
 Lists Free.

GOLDEN HAIR—ROBARE'S AUREOLINE
 produces the beautiful Golden Colour so much admired. Guaranteed strictly harmless. Piles to 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the World. Agents, R. Horvath & Sons, 51 and 53, Brompton Street, London, W.

EVERY REQUISITE FOR THE STABLE and HARNESS ROOM TO BE SEEN AT

 TRADE MARK.
MARTIN'S 194, Piccadilly (Prince's Hall).

HOOPING COUGH—ROCHE'S HERBAL EXHIBITION.
 The celebrated cough cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. BARNARD & SON, 107, Queen Victoria Street (formerly of 41, St. Paul's Churchyard). Sold by most Chemists. Price 4d. per bottle.

Dr. Ridge's Food

The GOLD MEDAL
of the
International Health
Exhibition, London,
has been awarded for
this Food;
and it is recommended
by the LANCET
and the
entire Medical Press.

For INFANTS.

BENGER'S FOOD

CHILDREN, and INVALIDS.

EXTRACT from PRIVATE
LETTER.—"The Infant was very
delicate. Our medical adviser
ordered your Food. The result in
a short time was wonderful; the
Bottle follow grew strong and fat,
and is now in a thriving condition
—in fact, the flower of the race."
BENGER'S FOOD is sold in tins
1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.
by Chemists, Grocers, and all
Furnish Food (Postage Free) from
MOTTESHEAD & CO.,
MANCHESTER.

THE "LEE" Best 6-Cord SEWING COTTON



RENOWNED FOR—
Its Softness.
Its Great Strength.
Its Evenness in Working.
Its Entire Freedom from
Knots.
Its General Excellence.
Its Intrinsic Value.
Reliable for all kinds of
Sewing Machines.
Justly described as the
PERFECTION
OF
SEWING COTTON.
FOR BOTH HAND
AND
MACHINE USE.

Wholesale Agents:—FELSTEAD & HUNT, 41, St. Paul's Church-
yard, London, E.C.; and 5, Fountain Street, Manchester.
Sole Agent for Ireland:—Wm. H. Brown, 4, Howard St., Belfast.

By Special Royal Appointment.
SPEARMAN'S PURE WOOL
ONLY.
DEVON New Winter
Patterns
Now Ready.

According to the Queen,
"It has no rival." **SERGES**

Thousands of Customers testify that no other article woven
equals this in general utility. For Ladies' Dresses, beautiful
quality, 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. the yard. For Children, capably
strong, 1s. 6d. to 3s. the yard. For Gentlemen's wear, double
width, 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. the yard. The Navy Blues and the
Black and Blue stripes. On receipt of instructions, samples will be
sent POST FREE. N.B.—Any length cut, and Carriage Paid to
principal Railway Stations. Goods packed for Export.

BUY DIRECT OF
SPEARMAN & SPEARMAN, Plymouth.
Only Address. NO AGENTS.

Allen & Hanburys'
A Castor Oil
Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/10 & 3/4.

USED by HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.
Gold Medals and Diplomas of Merit at all Exhibitions.

Needham's
Polishing
Paste
DAZZLING
MIRROR
FINISH.

INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS:
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, SHEFFIELD.
London Office: 67, GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

Always
ask for

GUARANTEED
PURE & SOLUBLE.

Cadbury's

Cocoa

(REGISTERED)



*He won't be
happy
till he
gets it!*